Seven Days a Mazeppa

Byron's Strange Poem Finds a Repetition in Real Life To-day.

A Child Frightfully Tortured by Two Indian Fiends in Washington.

SAVED FROM DEATH BY A SQUAW.

Her Assailants, Captured After a Long Chase, Narrowly Escape the Vengeance of a Frenzied

Spokane, Wash., Jan. 4.—The legend of Mazeppa has found a parallel in the San Poll country, this State. The victim, a twelve-year-old girl, tells a story of tor-ture, the hideous details of which have set the State shuddering. Her assallants, two Indians, are in prison, and their lives were preserved only by the most determined bravery on the part of the officers who took them into custody. The penalty for their crime is death.

Little Mary Freelon is the child of James Freelon, a white man, and the daughter of Ka-ma-tel-high, the aged chief of the Ban Pell tribe of Indians. She lives in the San Poll Valley, near the mouth of the river of that name. While she was riding through a deep ravine some days ago two Indians, Puck-el-petsy and Chunu-washet, sprang from the bushes that lined the trail, seized her pony's bridle and her gun and ordered her to dismount,

Screaming with terror, she struck the ruffians with her whip, but they only laughed and dragged her from her pony. After forcing her to submit to them, they bound her hands and feet and threw her across the back of her pony. This done they mounted their horses, and leading the pony bearing the gasping and half-dead child, rode over steep mountains and through forests, unbroken save for faint

nquired at Percival's, a neighboring mining amp. There they learned the two Intians who kidnapped her had been seen in the vicinity of the place where the child was known to have gone. William No-

Leeches as Weather Prophets.

Maltreated and Bound to Her Pony's his powers exaggerated, and two books have been written about his behavior during changes of weather. One is by Mrs. Weellams, who, during a long illness, watched a leech in a during a long illness, watched a leech in a

An Emperor's Son a Waiter. heavy the en

Kaiser Wilhelm's Natural Brother Works in an Obscure East Side Eating House.

Carl Baron von Rex Is the Issue of the Late Emperor Frederick.

[Nature.]
The medicinal leech is still left on the list of HIS MOTHER A LADY OF THE COURT.

The Baron Had a Romantic and Gallant Career Until His Reputed Father Died, When His Luck Changed and Hardship Followed.

In an obscure eating house down a in the lowly occupation of waiter and genin that quarter of blighted hopes and

It has been said that it would be impossible to throw a stone on lower Second Baron the was a small piece of whalebone, gilt chain was attached, and so are the mouse-trap principle, that when he was moved a bell at the top of

<u>Qannibalism</u> in Mexico.

Indians Kill and Eat Three American Prospectors.

The Murder and Feast Witnessed by an Employe of the Victims.

Many soft hearts were set fluttering by the handsome young sailor who had made himself famous by his exploits in Africa, and it was not long before the Baron took the first false step which commenced his downward career. In an altercation with an officer over the fair name of a certain young woman the officer slapped the Baron's face. Instead of demanding satisfaction on the field of honor. Baron von Rex then and there soundly thrashed the officer. The latter was in the Imperial Guard, and a Graf to boot. Such a helmous offence against the laws of German chivalry could not be overlooked.

The Baron received a very polite intimation that he was no longer persona grata at the Court, or, in fact, at the capital.



"They followed the horse, urging the animal on and on."

als humble calling, is in manner and bearing every inch a king.

The story of the exiled Baron's life is

Recreations of a "Society Queen."
[Wichita Dispatch to Chicago Tribune.]

Woes of a Quiet Town.

Merely an Inference.

"Are you engaged to Miss Moneybank?"

Serpents as Firebrands.

Devilish Ingenuity of Some Fiends in Human Shape.

Fearful Use to Which Cuban - Insurgents Put Them.

Dipped in Petroleum, Lighted and Thrown into Cane Fields.

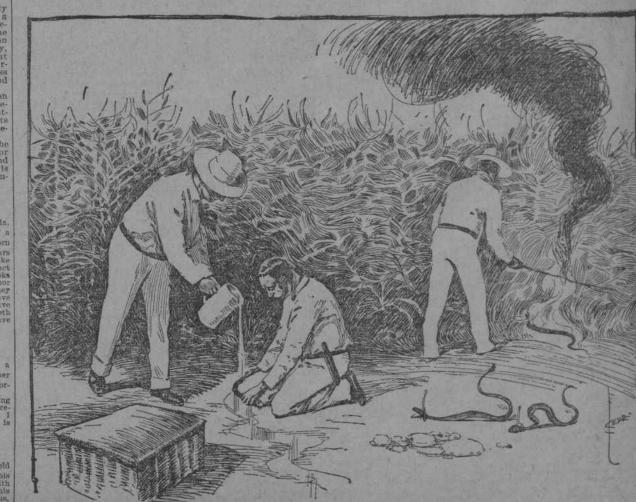
FORM-MOVING STREAKS OF FIRE.

A Mighty Conflagration Inaugurated in a Short Space of Time. How the Reptiles Are

It has been left to the Cuban insurgents

"I hope so."
"On what grounds?"
"Her father asked me how I expected to live instead of if I was prepared to die." Detroit Free Press.





Cuban Insurgents Firing Cane Plantations with Snakes Dipped in Petroleum and Then Lighted.